Yet ſeeke my Fathers loue, ſtill ſeeke it ſir,
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.
Shal. Breake their talke Miſtris *Quickly*,
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeake for himſelfe.
Slen. Ile make a thaft or a bolt on't, ſlid, tis but venturing.
Shal. Be not diſmaid.
Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me:
I care not for that, but that I am affeard.
Qui. Hark ye, Maſter *Slender* would ſpeake a word with you
Anne. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice.
O what a world of vilde-ill-fauour'd faults
Lookes handſome in three hundred pounds a yeare?
Qui. And how do's good Maſter *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.
Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:
O boy, thou hadſt a father,
Slen. I had a father (Miſtris *Anne*) my vncle can tel you good ieſts of him; pray you Vncle, tel Miſtris *Anne* the ieſt how my Father ſtole two Geeſe out of a Pen, good Vncle.
Shal. Miſtris *Anne*, my Cozen loues you.
Slen. I that I doe, as well as I loue any woman in Glocesterſhire.
Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.
Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the degree of a Squire.
Shal. Hee will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioynture.
Anne. Good Maſter *Shallow* let him woe for himſelfe.
Shal. Marry I thanke you for it, I thanke you for that good comfort: ſhe cals you (Coz) ile leaue you.
Anne. Now Maſter *Slender*.
Slen. Now good Miſtris *Anne*.
Anne. What is your will?
Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie ieſt indeed: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heauen:) I am not ſuch a ſickely creature, I giue Heauen praiſe.

Anne. I mean e(M. *Sender*)
Slen. Truely, for mine ow
thing with you: your father a
if it be my lucke, ſo; if not, h
can tell you how things goe,
your father, heere he comes.
Page. Now Maſter *Slender*;
Why how now? What does
You wrong me Sir, thus ſtill
I told you Sir, my daughter is
Fen. Nay Maſter *Page*, be no
Miſt. Page. Good Maſter *F*
Page. She is no match for y
Fen. Sir, will you heare me
Page. No, good Maſter *Fen*
Come M. *Shallow*: Come ſonn
Knowing my minde, you wro
Qui. Speake to Miſtris *Pa*
Fen. Good Miſtris *Page*, fo
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as
Perforce, againſt all checkes, r
I muſt aduance the colours o
And not retire. Let me haue y
Anne. Good mother, do no
Miſt. Page. I meane it no
band.
Qu. That's my maſter, Maſ
Anne. Alas I had rather be
And bowl'd to death with Tu
Miſt. Page. Come, trouble
Fenton, I will not be your frien
My daughter will I queſtion h
And as I finde her, ſo am I affe
Till then, farewell Sir, ſhe muſ
Her father will be angry.
Fen. Farewell gentle Miſtris
Qu. This is my doing now
away your childe on a Foole, a